

is in Boston a
her sister,
spent the week
of South
W. H. Mason

The Oxford County Citizen.

A. D. Harris 22427

VOLUME XXXII / NUMBER 29

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1926.

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SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

The case of Freeman Winslow of Bethel and Hazel Buck of Milton plantation for adultery was put on Tuesday of last week. The time of the offence charged was last August, and the place was the home of Mrs. Belle Buck in Woolstock. Both parties were working at the place at the time. Upon complaint, Deputy Sheriff B. R. Billings and Deputy Sheriff Harold Bennett went to the Buck place, effected an entrance and by the use of flashlights found that Mrs. Buck was not in her room, but found her in Winslow's room, and the two were taken into custody. Mrs. Buck testified that she was out after a mug of water for her children. The jury was out on this case about three hours and returned a verdict of not guilty.

An interesting meeting of The Girl Reserve was held on Tuesday afternoon when the girls who attended the Conference at Camp Maqua in the summer gave their reports. The delegates giving their reports were Madeline Brock, Edna Bean, and Marguerite Flint. Next week the annual Recognition Service will be held when a large number of the new girls will become members of the Girl Reserve Club.

Rosari Hamel of Lewiston was tried on an indictment for transportation of liquor. The jury was out only a short time and returned a verdict of guilty. He was given a fine of \$500 and four month in jail and six months additional on default of payment. He appealed. Glenwood Bennett of Wentworth Location, N. H., was tried on a charge of conspiracy to transport liquor, and found guilty. He was a passenger in the Hamel car.

Dominick Mozaika of Peru was tried on a charge of attempting to bribe an officer. In June of this year Deputy Sheriff Ivan Stowe, Guy Caldwell and Merle Witham went to the home of Mozaika and made a search finding a quantity of home brew beer and other liquors. According to testimony of the deputies the respondent gave Stowe fifty dollars because he didn't want to go to court. The jury was out about a half hour and returned a verdict of guilty. He was given a sentence of two months in jail and a fine of \$100 and costs. The liquor case against Mozaika was continued for sentence.

Mike Velich, who was indicted for possession of mash, was allowed to go, the case being continued, after he had promised to stop manufacturing.

In the case of Charles P. Kimball of Norway, who was bound over on a charge of driving an automobile while under the influence of liquor, a default was entered by agreement, and the case continued to the February term when the default may be stricken off if Mr. Kimball appears. This was on account of the illness of Mr. Kimball.

The manslaughter case in which Ralph Henderson of Oxford was the respondent was tried last week. This case was the result of an automobile accident last September in which one man was killed and another injured. Henderson and three or four men were on their way from Oxford to South Paris to attend a ball game when the accident occurred. Henderson was driving the automobile and was following a car with Massachusetts registration plates and travelling at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The Massachusetts car swerved down as the driver sighted a motor cycle policeman ahead and Henderson in order to avoid a collision turned to pass the front car, and at the same time applied the emergency brake. The Henderson car struck the Massachusetts car and turned around, running into the road, throwing the occupants out. Ralph Baxter one of the party being killed instantly. The testimony in this case occupied considerable time, being closed Thursday noon. The case went to the jury a little before four o'clock and they returned a verdict of not guilty after being out two hours.

Following the famous steer case last week on trial. For several days a walk discussion of the remaining horses of the team had been punctuated by the remark, "And then there's the steer case," varied occasionally by calling it the cow case. And along with the remark was a semi-mysterious smile which seemed to indicate that when that arrived it would be something doing. An inquiry as to the mystery of the case would generally produce comment to the fact that a community was likely to be ripped to pieces and turned inside out by the developments then made. And the calling of a long string of Waterford people as witnesses tended to increase the expectation of something of interest.

The indictment in this case is against Irving Money of Albion, and Walter Lard and Frank Pike of Waterford, and

(Continued on page 4)

Mr. Harold Hastings of Duxbury, Mass., was in town one day last week.

(Continued on page 4)

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Members of the faculty attending the State Teachers' Convention in Bangor were Mr. Brasler, Miss Wight and Mr. Parsons.

Regular rehearsals of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs are held each week. A good number of the students are taking advantage of the opportunities provided by these organizations.

The first decactions of the term have been presented to the school during the past two weeks. Each pupil of the school is required to declaim twice each term before the student body in addition to their weekly class room work in public speaking.

Mrs. Ida Biggs and Mrs. Mable Clark of South Waterford have been visiting relatives in town.

The second snow storm of the season started Monday and lasted until Wednesday. About seven inches fell.

Mrs. Louise Kelly and daughter, Lillian, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Babson at Rumford.

Mr. Shirley Chase has moved his family from Sunday River into the Scott Wight house on Mechanic Street.

Mrs. C. L. Davis, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Wormell, and family in Portland, returned home Saturday.

Mr. Staples of Lewiston, who has been working in C. W. Hall's barber shop for two weeks, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Mina Harriman went to East Waterford, Tuesday, where she will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie E. McIntire.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis G. Cole are Mabel Blake, are rejoicing in the birth of a son, Oct. 31, named Lewis Gardner Jr. Weighing 10 1/4 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hall, Miss Ida Cummings and Mr. George Hall of Lewiston motored to Bingham last week where they were guests of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Littlehale and two sons and Mrs. Jeanie Littlehale returned Sunday from Albion, Me., where they have been visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien are enjoying a vacation from their duties at Bethel Inn. They are visiting relatives in Nashua, N. H., and Manchester.

Miss Hazel Johnson and Miss Edna Davis and Mr. Fred Remita of Portland, Me., were weekend guests of Miss Stow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Stow.

Miss Alfreda Wheeler, who is teaching in Montpelier Seminary of Montpelier, Vt., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Wheeler.

A steer owned by W. H. Thurston got out of the pasture one afternoon recently and wandered onto the railroad track where a freight train ran him and killed it.

The Bethel County Model of Agriculture unit at Bethel Inn Friday evening. A banquet was served after which a business session was held. Activities were given in the evening by Rev. Howard Give on address on "The importance of Prayer." Prof. St. John of Bethel, Mr. Hobart S. Moore of Bethel, and Miss Marion of Bethel spoke on address on "Practices of the early Indians," when this was followed by Professor Sibley. Arrangements for the meeting were made by Rev. Howard Give.

A N.Y. couple, members of the army, were here yesterday. The man is a Y.M.C.A. worker, a woman is the wife of a Y.M.C.A. worker.

HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. and Margaret Felt gave a Halloween party to their sons on Saturday evening. One of the games in their colorful costumes and the fun in the decorations of orange and black presented a picture.

Handing, games and treats provided amusement, and refreshments of sweet and sandwiches, ice cream, cake and candy were served.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Milo McAllister, Maxine Florence Estes, Maxine Clough, Marie Chapman, Ruth Glavin, Grace Lee Estes, Alberta Brooks, Lola Gaudet, Maxine Paul Burris and Everett Kilgore of Rumford, Philip Brown, Warren Brown, Clifford Estes, Bradley Estes, Gardner Brown, Eddie Cutler and William Under of Bethel, N. H., and the hostesses.

TOUCH FOOT BALL

Touch foot ball has been added to the list of sports in the inter-class competitions this fall. The majority of the boys at Gould know nothing about the game of touch ball, and by means of this game of touch foot ball the boys will learn the rules and how to play the game.

(Continued on page 4)

MAPLE INN DAMAGED BY FIRE

Mr. C. E. Tidwell was in Upton the first of the week.

Mrs. G. L. Thurston was in Cornish the first of the week.

Master Henry Westleigh of Allens, Me., visited his teacher, Ruth Glavin, over the week end.

Harry Brown has 2000 Rhode Island red chickens that are a handsome sight. They are two weeks old.

Mrs. L. H. Gilley and Mrs. Eliza Wenzell left Saturday on a motor trip to Boston and New York.

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To the Citizens of Bethel:

Several years ago when our present fire alarm system was installed it seemed logical to place an alarm signal in the Telephone Office so the public would feel assured that there would be always someone on duty and a call for assistance would meet with an immediate response.

It is expected at the present time that the building will be repaired and opened again in the spring.

The old part of the building is being made ready for occupancy by Mr. and Mrs. Donahue.

To the Citizens of Bethel:

Several years ago when our present fire alarm system was installed it seemed logical to place an alarm signal in the Telephone Office so the public would feel assured that there would be always someone on duty and a call for assistance would meet with an immediate response.

More or less criticism has always been made in regard to the way the alarm has been given, but we have taken these criticisms for what they were worth and from whence they came.

However, these criticisms have reached such proportions and are so absolutely unfair to the operators and to myself, that I have felt it necessary to request

the Assessors of the Corporation to remove the alarm from the Telephone Office.

A. VAN DEN KERKHOVEN.

When the fire alarm system was installed in the town of Bethel a few years ago it was a consideration as to who would be responsible for the blowing of the signal at 12:07 each day. After a consultation of engineers, assessors and Mr. Van the latter agreed to take the responsibility for one year at a fee of \$25. At the end of the year it was taken for granted that Mr. Van would still continue as before and so he did.

During the time the system has been in use Mr. Van and his operators have given very satisfactory service. However, a lot of our citizens have requested to continue without any ground whatever. As for instance, at the time of the dormitory fire a number was spread through the town that it was different or twenty minutes before the operator at the telephone office could be awakened or blow the whistle. This rumor was investigated and it was found that the operator answered the call almost at once and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Van were given an address on "The importance of Prayer." Prof. St. John of Bethel, Mr. Hobart S. Moore of Bethel, and Miss Marion of Bethel spoke on address on "Practices of the early Indians," when this was followed by Professor Sibley. Arrangements for the meeting were made by Rev. Howard Give.

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TOUCH FOOT BALL

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 37, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. W. J. Mackay, W. M.; Fred H. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Grace Philbrook, W. M.; Mrs. Emma Van Der Kerkhoven, Secy.

Mt. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. A. G. Silver, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 41, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Mrs. Alice Littlehale, N. G.; Miss Olive Austin, Secretary.

HUBBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. H. C. Howe, G. G.; N. C. Machia, N. of R. and R.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Mildred Lowell, M. E. G.; Mrs. Hester Fairbank, M. of R. and G.

BROWN POST, No. 54, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lettie Inman, President; Mrs. Lulu Burbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harring, Com. Commander; Lloyd Luster, Adj. J. M.

COL. G. R. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 72, G. F. V., meets first and third Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. Perry Lapham, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL CHURCH, No. 66, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Zenia Merrill, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association, Meeting the 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., Miss Gwendolin Gedwin; Secretary, Mrs. Eugene Vandekerkhoven.

BUSINESS CARDS

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Pecuniary favors will do well to get
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SEWING MACHINE REPAIRING
ALL MAKES REPAIRED
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TEN YEARS EXPERIENCE
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Are right here in the advertising columns of this paper.
When you're saving has merit,
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As it will tell it for you.

McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1930

SMART ONE-PIECE CLOTH DRESS;
NOVELTIES IN STYLISH HATS

AS TO "button, button, who's got the button," there are none missing this season within fashion's domain. The stylist is not losing sight of a button of any description, employing myriad of them either in a useful or an ornamental way. In consequence, button contours present a scene of unusual animation, for choosing buttons for one's new frock or coat has become a matter of outstanding importance.

The mode smiles approvingly on the practical yet smartly styled cloth frock which buttons up the front like the one shown in the picture. For the

sophisticated. The picturesque African draped headress happens to be the inspiration of one of the noted French modistes. Another leading designer adopts the Russian effects, employing myriads of them either in a useful or an ornamental way. In consequence, button contours present a scene of unusual animation, for choosing buttons for one's new frock or coat has become a matter of outstanding importance.

In materials no less of novelty is expressed. Flat furs, notably shaved lamb and spotted calfskin as supple as any fabric, supply another sensation in the millinery story for this season.

Then, too, the prevalence of exquisite beige velours helps turn the

moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts can not injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

"Suits me," grunted Silver, "There was a subdued rustle patter of foot as the men divided the lanternlight revealed the equal groups on either side mizzen with bones sitting on rel between them. Probably half of the crew had voted for 'Well, Long John,' he said, trying to repress the triumphal tones, 'd'you want to tell o' vote?'"

"No," replied Silver briefly with a rub of his hands gleefully. "Ah, I win, do I?"

The opposing factions regard other like packs of wolves pugnaciously, dispute the excesses of killed moose. I suspected for instant that they would fight, but judged Silver's self-control, he might be, but he did not pugnaciously to his pride to influence policy.

"You win, Bill," he repeated. "I'm the first to wish yo' joy o' seen' as you're dooly elected you tell us what your plans are for the ship?"

"Plans?" replied Silver briefly with a rub of his hands gleefully. "Ah, I win, do I?"

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PORTO BELLO GOLD

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued

—22—

"Well, Long John," he leered, "it seems like 'twas you 'n' me. The Articles says them what votes for one teller goes to one side, and then what votes for 'other' goes opposite. So, seemin' as you're on the lat'd side, I'll say them as votes for you goes lat'd and them as votes for me goes stub'd."

"Suits me," grunted Silver.

There was a subdued rustling and patter of feet as the men divided, and the lunthornlight revealed two unequal groups on either side of the mizzen with Bones sitting on his barrel between them. Probably three-fifths of the crew had voted for him.

"Well, Long John," he said without trying to repress the triumph in his tones, "d'ye want to tell over the vote?"

"No," replied Silver briefly. "You win."

Bones rubbed his hands gleefully. "Ah! I win, do I?"

"I said yes."

The opposing factions regarded each other like packs of wolves preparing to dispute the carcass of a fresh-killed moose. I suspected for an instant that they would fight, but I misjudged Silver's self-control. Galled he might be, but he did not permit the sting to his pride to influence his policy.

"You win, Bill," he repeated, "and I'm the first to wish ya joy o' it. And seemin' as you're duly elected, s'pose you tell us what your plans are for the ship?"

"Plans?" answered Bones warily.

"What plans might ye mean?"

"Are ye for liftin' the treasure on the two islands or beatin' up for more?"

Bones reflected. He was not nearly so clever as Silver, and I imagine he knew it. He feared a trap, but study as he might he could not detect any pitfall behind the innocent question.

"I'll be guided by the crew," he announced triumphantly. "You're gentlemen adventurers, all o' ye. Name your wishes!"

This time the crew looked instinctively to Silver for a lead.

"We got plenty o' treasure in them island caches," he said tentatively. "Speakin' for myself, I'm in for collectin' what we got, takin' three or four ships and dividin' up for different countries, accordin' to what men seek. There's enough waitin' for our spades to make us all comfortable for life, and them lads as wants to go on the Account again can easy do it. Turn over the Walrus to 'em if they fancy it. I don't care. But some o' us have had enough o' the sea, and we'll try our ease ashore."

A shout of approval capped this speech. There was not a man but was lured by the prospect of thousands of pounds to spend on the right side after a series of hard voyages, they never wanted to see a ship again—or so they thought.

Bones was as enthusiastic for Silver's plan as any.

"Aye, aye," he applauded. "Long John has the right idea. We'll water tomorrow, and then we'll try for the Dead Man's Chest."

And he began to shout drunkenly the song that Flint had died singing:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!"

Other men joined in, and as if by magic pannikins of rum appeared, Bones drank several whilst we watched.

"You drink w'l me, bullies!" he hollered at his supporters. "An easy skipper is Bill Bones. Run for all, and to w'l discipline!"

They howled joyfully over this, and what I had expected to provide a free fight seemed about to develop into fighting worse than such an orgy of intoxication as occurred almost every night aboard the Walrus. But it did not suit Silver's plans to have all restrained east off at that point. He stomped forward into the circle of lantern light, with Pew, Black Dog, Darby and a dozen others at his back.

"Hoyay, mates," he cried. "We got a vast task to settle here. Time to carouse afterward."

"There's no time for drinkin' like the time ye ha' the liquor at your elbow," retorted Bones.

"And them's true words," assented Silver heartily. "And 'tis plain to be seen as you're a skipper the lad'll all be fit for Bill. But I was just figurin' as we none o' us has ever taken the pitchers how long 'twill take to dig up that treasure of Murray's. So I makes bold to suggest we ha' em up here and put 'em through their paces. 'Tain't no ways right as prisoners should be as close-mouthed as Flint let 'em be. He was a good mesmate, Flint was, but I alwas thought them swabs pulled the wool a mite over his eyes, blow me if I didn't."

I could see Bones slowly run his tongue over his lips, blinking his eyes the while. He liked this idea. So did the crew. They were in the humor,

for baiting whoever were at their mercy.

"Have 'em out," ruled Bones. "Long John's right."

"Aye, have 'em out," yelled the crew. "Make 'em dance!"

Silver's hard, polished-agate eyes glinted around the circle of savage faces and came to rest upon Bones' sudden visage.

"Run aft, Darby, there's the sweet lad," he said, "and bring us the pris'n'er."

"Not—not—her!" answered Darby haltingly.

"Yes, her," replied Silver with a slight emphasis.

And one of his hands reached out, and his strong fingers tweaked the Irish boy's ear. Darby yelped.

"O' course, you bring her," Silver continued, "why's she too good to tell us what she knows, mates? Just because she had Andrew Murray's favor, I wonder!"

"Not—" Darby started to protest again, but Silver cut him off with a word that dripped chill ferocity.

"Skip!"

"Fetch up the wench, boy," growled Bones, "or I'll give ya a taste o' Murray's triangles."

"Fetch her up!" howled the crew in rabid chorus. "Let's ha' a look at the wench!"

Darby started toward us with the tears running down his cheeks. We could see him pleking his way slowly through the crowd. A man kicked him as we watched. Poor Darby! He had been Flint's favorite, and nobody was inclined to interfere.

"Come on, my pretty," he invited Morna.

She met his hot eyes with level scorn.

"Do ye put your finger on me, I'll either be the death of you or myself," she warned him.

He laughed uncertainly and started toward her, and as I lifted my foot to step between them the hilt of a knife was thrust into my right hand.

"Go to it," Silver's voice bade me. "Tell him he'll fight for her."

I finished my step automatically and found myself a pace inside the pool of light surrounding Bones' barrel. Bones himself had come to a halt and was examining me with some evidence of disconcert.

"He says he'll fight ye for her, Bill," Silver called officiously over my shoulder.

Morna bailed us from the shelter of the captain.

"Will it be you, Bob? Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"And your hand?" I stammered.

"There!" said she. "If you will be so chary of other pieces."

I strove to redress my fault, and she lay for one precious moment in my arms.

"Are you sure ye will have meant it?" she asked shyly.

"Meant it! Since the morning I heard the ill of your vagabond I—"

A low whistle came from over the side to larboard.

"It's Darby!" she cried. "He slid down the anchor-tail to get at one of the boats they will have lowered by the side ladder for the water-party that was going ashore, and didn't."

Peter beckoned urgently from the rail.

"Don't ye worry, Bill," counseled the one-legged man soothingly. "We won't let the Dutchman nor nobody else harm ye. Just you hop in and gut the Buckskin—if ye can."

"If I can!" hissed Bones. "Watch me!"

He dropped to all fours and bounded into the air in a clumsy fashion—not at all as an Iroquois warrior would have done it, hurtling like a projectile, with his whole body behind the knife I stepped to the left and stabbed down, aiming to drive inside the collarbone. But the light or something foisted me, and my blade slashed his cheek from eye to mouth, a great scarring cut that laid open the whole side of his face.

He bellowed with surprise, and I was put out myself, for I had thought to finish him. Nor man moved for two or three breaths in the circle around us, for none had expected to see the fight terminated so quickly.

Morna told me afterward that it was comical to see how Silver's jaw gaped.

Darby fronted us with a gulp.

"Silver hate me—"

Morna slipped between Peter and me and dropped her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't ye be taking heed to what they say," she comforted him. "Faith, ye are the grand knight, Darby lad, and I am that proud o' ye I could be giving ye a bit o' kerchief or gaud ribbon to wear in your hat—only that ye will have no hat and me neither ribbon nor kerchief! But let's be after trying what the rogues want with us."

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And out she marched at the boy's side before one of the other of us could step ahead.

The ranks of pirates parted to admit our procession, and we threaded the shadows to the edge of the central pool of light where Silver leaned upon his crutch. He moved aside to make room for us and I found myself at his right hand. Perhaps fifteen feet away Bones sat on his barrel, his coarse face flushed and shiny, his cruel eyes devouring Morna's lisping grace. The scores of others were just as many vultures to me, but Morna frowned about her with a kind of high pride that turned the boldest stare. Peter looked stolidly over the heads of the crew. It was his way when he fronted danger; behind their mask of fat his little eyes were darting daggerwise from face to face, probing, guessing, estimating.

Silver spoke first.

"Well, here they be, Bill."

Bones' tongue traveled the circle of his lips twice before he replied; he did not once take his gaze from Morna.

"A proper wench, isn't ye?" he drawled.

"I've told ye so!" she exclaimed.

And the pirates scratched with laughter.

"Lusty, ye are," sneered Bones. "Ye need tamzin' and I ha' a hankerin' to take ye in hand."

"I would take ten o' your like," retorted Morna, nose in air.

Silver interposed to the midst of a second burst of laughter. I had to admire the scoundrel's defiance. He contrived to appear to be coming to the rescue of Bones in such a way as to rouse all the man's resentment against the cause of the impaled, but still he held it up for those behind to see.

"Sure, mistress," said Long John very respectfully, "what the capt'n would know is how long it should take to shift the treasure Cap'n Murray had ye bury on the Dead Man's Chest!"

Morna's nose remained in air.

"If ye were not afraid of the hard

work it would maybe take ye as much as the half of a watch," she answered. "He addressed me with equal respect, requesting confirmation of what she had said. I gave it, as did Peter.

"And is it far from the shore?" he asked her then.

"Some would say yes, and some might call it over near," she flashed.

At that Bones slid off his barrel.

"Tamin' is what I said ye needed and tumlin' is what ye'll get, my girl," he announced. "Leave the rest to me, Silver. I'll take her aft and soon find out all she knows."

Bones observed the mounting tumult with an obvious mingling of emotions. He realized he had been tricked, but he did not yet see how it had been done or comprehend the ulterior purpose of Silver's strategy. To do him justice, I do not believe that he feared me or doubted his ability to kill me in a knife-fight, for I had never had occasion to exhibit my skill with the knife before the pirates. He simply knew that he had been lured into a position where he must fight personally to maintain his authority over the crew, and the initial dare of his hatred was naturally directed against me.

But he did not forget Silver.

"There's Rule Four, Bill," said Silver quickly.

"Blow Rule Four! Murray and Flint wrote them blasted Articles, and they're both dead. Why should we, as are free gentlemen adventurers, have any tootool rules like we was a king's ship? I'll take the lass and chuck five hundred pounds o' my share o' the treasure into the common fund in pay for her,—me lads, d'ye grudge your cap'n a little fun?"

Men shouted, "Yes," and, "No," but nobody was inclined to interfere.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1926.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

Page Five

CANTON

An auto accident occurred at Canton Friday at the corner near the grocery store of S. B. Ellis, when two trucks collided. They were driven by Herschel York and Floyd Hines, neither of whom were hurt. One car was pretty completely demolished, while the larger truck had an axle bent, fender and radiator smashed and mud guard bent.

Children's night was observed by Yonemah Rebekah Lodge Friday evening, over thirty children being present and as many older people. Games were played and refreshments of ice cream and cake served.

Edward F. Bryant of Hartfort is at the home of his son, Morris Bryant, and family of Auburn, seriously ill. Mrs. Bryant is with him.

Mrs. Alfred Corliss has returned from a three weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer P. Copeland of Whitman, Mass.

Miss Mabel Hines of Lewiston has been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfie Hines, and family.

Lawrence Fisher and family have moved to Rumford, where he has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Foye left by auto the first of the week for St. Petersburg, Fla., for the winter.

A post card shower was sent to Mrs. Susan Shueyesterday, her 55th birthday. She is staying in Canton with Mrs. Alice Carver.

Donald Stubbs of Eustis is stopping for the winter with his aunt, Mrs. Chas. Small. His mother, Mrs. Floyd Stubbs, will soon go to the Fairfield sanatorium for treatment.

Frank Harding crushed three fingers of his right hand, last week while rolling stones from a ledge in company with a companion.

Ernest C. Glover has been confined to his home by illness.

The Ladies Aid held a sale Thursday afternoon at the Grange Hall and served a harvest supper, which was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Stubbs have gone to West Acton, Mass., for the winter.

Mrs. Adille Rose has moved to the home of Mrs. Abbie Proctor for the winter.

Mrs. E. C. Oldham has sold the house occupied by A. W. Ellis to Mrs. Ezra T. Chamberlin of Canton.

Miss Wilma Hussey is employed in Lewiston, caring for an elderly lady. Word has been received of the marriage of Elsie Daigle of Quinsapoxet, Mass., and Miss Bernice Hines, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hines. They were former residents of Canton.

Arthur Tirrell and Harold Parsons attended the football game at Hebron Saturday, between the Kent's Hill and Hebron.

RUBER-OID SHINGLES

also

**ROOFINGS
RED PRESSED BRICK****ODD MILLWORK****H. ALTON BACON**
Bryant's Pond, Maine**KINEO
FURNACES**

Will make YOUR home the most comfortable place this side of the Tropics at this season of the year for many years to come.

And it won't cost you all outdoors. Inquire. Ask for furnace folders.

D. GROVER BROOKS
BETHEL

Oliver Robbins is going to have an

a

Kingfield.

Curtis, and family.

Mrs. Elizabeth Leighton has returned

to Raymond after spending a few days

with her father, Irving Leighton.

Herbert Wheeler and son, George,

were in Berlin, N. H., Monday.

Elmer Ingalls of Gorham, N. H., was

in town, Friday.

George Campbell returned to his home

in Mechanic Falls last Saturday.

the other states. Inasmuch as it is six

years since

Seventh Degree Grange

opportunity was afforded in the New

England district, there are thousands of

other members anticipating the degree,

besides the nearly 10,000 new ones who

have advanced through the sixth the

past two months.

the guest of his mother, Mrs. Emma

Mills, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Head were in

Andover, Sunday, the guests of relatives.

LODGE'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ring visited with

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Tabbets and Fred Morton

attended the football game at Lewiston Saturday.

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attended the football game at Lewiston Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ring visited with

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker at Spring-

the week end.

Miss Marjorie Farwell of Bethel was

a guest at King Bartlett's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Churchill

Mechanic Falls are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Donald Tabbets.

Mrs. Martha Swift is home from

Rhode Island for a few weeks.

WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kneeland were

in Peru one day last week.

There was a Holloween social at the

schoolhouse Friday evening. Games

were enjoyed and refreshments served.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anger and children

are spending the week in Canada,

guests of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Farmer of North

Waterford called on Mrs. Archie Hutch-

inson, Sunday.

Mr. Claude Mills of Portland was

During the last six weeks every State

Grange in New England has held a

series of special sixth degree meetings

to fit their members for reception into

the highest degree of the organization

and a great outpouring of Patrons has

resulted. In Maine 4,712 sixth degree

initiates are recorded for this series of

meetings; almost 2,000 in Massachusetts

and proportionately large classes in all

the other states.

Delineator, 2 Years, \$3

After Nov. 10, \$3 a year

CARL L. BROWN, Agent

BETHEL, MAINE

AND other sites

EQUALLY low in price

NOW as to quality

PATHFINDER Tires

ARE made and guaranteed

BY the world's largest

TIRE manufacturer

THEY are built

TO give you

RIDING comfort

LONG wear

SATISFACTION

AND every Pathfinder

WE sell it backed

BY our service

YESSIR

THERE'S sound economy

AND real satisfaction

AWAITING you

IN PATHFINDERS

WE thank you

IF you need a tire

OR will be wanting one

IN a short time

AND are looking

FOR something

LOW in price

BUT are also

LOOKING for quality

We have

GOOD news for you

YOU can get a

NATIONALLY known

HIGH quality tire

AT a price that

WILL please you

RIGHT here at our store

IT'S a Pathfinder

A 30x12 cord for

\$8.00

A 20x4.10 Balloon for

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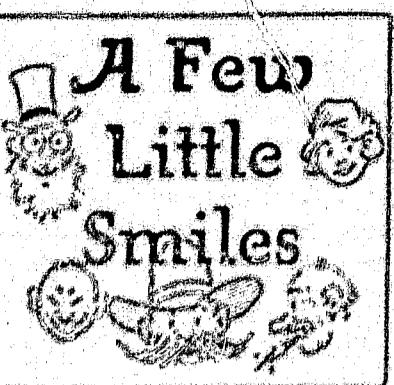
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IN PATHFINDERS



A WOMAN'S LOGIC

Mrs. Jones was an entirely new light, and it may be a wholly reasonable solution to the problem of woman's rights the other night. She and Mr. Jones were visiting coffee, and Mr. Jones advised her new government centrally. "Just it a little experiment," he suggested. "A little short road to us."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Jones. "They are coming to see me, and I don't know them." Argued.

Sense of Superiority

"Why don't you go to politics?" "I do," she rejoined. "I have a vote every time I have the opportunity."

"What good is that for others?"

"I belong to the club of women so perfectly. I prefer having a man representing me to vote for him to being a person whom I would have to represent him to vote for me."—Washington Post.

PREVENTIVE MEASURE



She—Why do men always try to hold girls hands?

He—I think especially. Probably to keep the girls from holding their hands in our pockets.

Something Missing

He tried to cross the cause of track but it is a number state. They put the lines in early. But wouldn't that be soon?

The Wife Learns to Drive
"I asked a policeman like you tell me?"

"Well,
"He said I was on the wrong side of the street, so I left the car there and walked home."

Liars All

"The girl was eating with Brown yesterday. What did you say?"

"Well, I mean we forgotten the words we agreed on."

THE CALF HAS HIS DAY



The last I saw of a calf he followed after my car.

The father of a horse. The horse turned up from out of it. I told the people it's the present.

Die of Joy
"I can't seem to get away from death. To me, death is the last thing. You know, death is a life lesson. Death is not to be lived."

The Truth of the Matter
"I would never live if I were the last man in the world."

"If we were the last, just be killed to the last. Dies."

Remembered

"There are so many of you and you're all that same somebody when we were married."

"Haha, you know it was the day after I left the house just when."

Unfortunately

"There are so many of you and you're all that same somebody when we were married."

"Haha, you know it was the day after I left the house just when."

Enough Said

"I think that we had a failure to our family who could find themselves here."

"Haha, like a fool, we say."

"Haha, now, this is another."

Enough of It

"There are so many of you and you're all that same somebody when we were married."

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THROUGH ADVICE OF NEIGHBOR

Woman Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My wife was no longer a drain to me. If I hear of one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer your letters in regard to the same." —Mrs. BERTHA MIAZAKI, 910 Center St., Lansing, Mich.

"I had been sickly ever since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could do all my housework and I am in good health." —Alice K. Williams, Ketchikan, Alaska.

From Michigan to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually being written by grateful women recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Compound is made from roots and herbs and for more than thirty years has been helping to restore run-down, over-worked women to health. Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

A QUICKER WAY TO END COLDS!

To quickly break up a cough or cold, it is necessary to do two things:

1—Get rid of phlegm. 2—Relief Irritation. Inflame of throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral accomplishes this by its powerful double action:

It cuts away phlegm because it easily penetrates through and through the linings of throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

You feel almost instant relief, all the way down. Then it is absorbed into the irritated membranes just as ink soaks into a blotter. As it sooths, healing properties are absorbed by the membranes themselves. It stops the cough, breaks up the cold and brings prompt, lasting relief.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is hospital-preserved. Prescribed by physicians. Pleasant to taste. 90c and twice the family, \$1.00, at all druggists.

DON'T BE GRAY!
Darken your gray hair gradually, naturally, at home. Used over years by millions. **BOOKLET FREE.**

Let useful observations be at least part of the subject of your conversation.—Waitts.

A rousing time is likely to occur just before breakfast.

Faulty Elimination

Should Be Corrected—Good Elimination Is Essential to Good Health.

If you would be well, see to your elimination. Faulty kidney action permits toxic material to remain in the blood and upset the whole system. Then, one is apt to have a tired, languid feeling and sometimes, a toxic headache or headache, and often some irregularity of secretions, such as scanty or burning passages. More and more people are claiming the value of *DOAN'S PILLS*, a stimulant diuretic. In this condition, for more than forty years, *DOAN'S* have been winning favor the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys.
Peter Milburn Co., Mig. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.



DOAN'S—"What did you think John said?" asked Mrs. Jones. "I told him that I wanted a girl because a country girl wanted three auto and a lot of servants."

"Well, what did the parson say?"

"Mrs. Jones said that if I would stay on my right side, I wouldn't have such trouble."

"And disease is a good sign of poor digestion, when hardened stomach begins to complain, the whole system suffers and we get various diseases."

GREY'S AUGUST FLOWERS
have been relied on by many such sufferers for the past twenty years. They are good for the health and well-being of thousands of cases. See and use bottles. At all drugstores, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 100c, 125c, 150c.

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

During these days how many children are complaining of Headache, Fever, Rheumatism, Stomach Troubles and Irritable Bowels and take cold easily? If mothers only knew what Mother Gray's Sweet Powders would do for their children no family would ever be without them for use when needed. These powders are so easy and pleasant to take and so effective in their action that mothers who once use them always tell others about them. Used by mothers for over 30 years. Sold by druggists everywhere. Trial Packets free. Address Mother Gray Co., 16 Hoy, N. Y.

THOUGHT HE WAS AN INTERLOPER

By CAROL SOUTH

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"YOUR lordship, this gentleman is Mr. Johnson," announced the agent.

Lord Claverling rose slowly out of his chair and bowed. Johnson noticed that it did not occur to him to extend his hand. The old man, with his white, flowing beard and flashing eyes, his bowed shoulders and sense of being one with the historic past of his race, presented a pitiful spectacle.

"Sit down, sir," said Lord Claverling. "Mr. Jones," he added, to the agent, "will you please call Lady Elinor?"

But it was not necessary for the agent to stir, for at that moment there came into the room the most beautiful girl that Johnson had ever seen.

"This gentleman is Mr. Johnson," said Lord Claverling to his daughter, and Lady Elinor bowed. Again Johnson noticed that it did not occur to her to extend her hand.

The agent cleared his throat. "Hum! This is a little—painful," your lordship," he said. "I am making this statement by your wish."

"It is the only condition upon which I will consent to sell Mr. Johnson my estate," answered Lord Claverling.

The agent cleared his throat again. "Mr. Johnson," he began, "when you announced your desire to purchase my lordship's Scottish estate, then in the market, you understood that Lord Claverling was only disposing of it under strong necessity?"

Johnson bowed. "The house has lived here all his life. He has no other home. His lordship sells only on the understanding that you permit him and his daughter to occupy the lodges at your gates."

Johnson stared at the agent and felt the blood dye his face. He had not understood that Lord Claverling was so poor, though he knew that his debts were heavy enough to eat up the price of the sale. He half regretted having been induced to purchase.

It is one thing for a young man of seven and twenty to decide to buy a Scotch estate with the money left by his Scotch father, always eager to return to the land of his ancestors, and dying before the wish could be realized. But it is another matter to discover that the dream can be achieved only by causing sorrow to others.

"I would make a suggestion," faltered Johnson. "If Lord Claverling and Lady Elinor will remain here as my guests until—until—" he went on vaguely, and came to a standstill. How long? What he intended to do with them to his guests forever?

"Quite impossible," broke in Lord Claverling harshly. "If I sold to Mr. Johnson we occupy the lodge."

"But the—the lack of dignity," urged the agent.

"It is the lodge or nothing," answered the old man.

"Well, I agree, then," Johnson said heartily. "And I hope that—"

"Mr. Johnson will find the castle vacant the day next month," interposed the old man. "And now, if you are ready with the lease, sir?"

He turned to the agent with a finality in his manner which prevented further argument.

"Forgive me, but don't you care for him?" he asked.

"I did," she answered gravely. "The other day, when you took me in place in the room, and saved my life. I understood then his worth, and I learned afterward that it was he who was trying to drive you from the castle. Mr. Johnson, we want you to stay my father and I."

Johnson said nothing, but later he questioned Lady Elinor. She had been with him throughout his illness, and the thought of losing her forever was intolerable to him.

"Do you know who the purchaser is to be?" he asked.

She shook her head, and he took her.

"I thought," he explained humbly, "that you cared for him, and that it was I who stood in the way."

"I was an interloper, Lady Elinor, not I was ruining three lives, yours, your father's, and his."

She shook her head dumbly.

"Forgive me, but don't you care for him?" he asked.

"I did," she answered gravely. "The other day, when you took me in place in the room, and saved my life. I understood then his worth, and I learned afterward that it was he who was trying to drive you from the castle. Mr. Johnson, we want you to stay my father and I."

Johnson thought. "On one condition," he answered.

"What is it?" asked the girl, testing her eyes full. But Johnson saw from the look that matched her check that she had guessed.

Then there was the matter of the gate. It gave the young man time to see the farmer who passed him with an uncomprehending stare, raise his cap to the gatekeeper. And Johnson began to understand something of the pride which permeated the old man to occupy that ancient position rather than leave the place where he had been born.

Then there was the matter of the automobile,ensus of traveling just returned from India, who drove up to the castle, heard Johnson's explanations with blank amazement, and immediately went to the door, where they spent a festive afternoon. John heard their ringing laughter as he sat motionless upon the balcony, a boyhood man.

One thing alone kept him from throwing up the castle in disgust, and that was Lady Elinor. He had known from his first sight of her that he loved her. When he passed her, he riding and she walking, his lifted hat produced only the oddest sign of recognition.

It was not in his nature to give up. But his footfalls were declined with tenacity, his overtures failed.

"I can't say I'm greatly surprised," Mr. Johnson, he said. "It was not a wise business investment. However, I think I can get you a purchaser at a little less than the original price. Mr. Ballantyne has been sounding me—

"Yes, sir. If you have decided, I will let him know, and you may come to terms about it."

Johnson heard rumors about Ballantyne. He had been reported engaged to Lady Elinor, but the match had been broken off a little while before. Johnson did not know the cause. But Ballantyne resolved to buy, and an immense burden was lifted from Johnson's heart.

He did not like Ballantyne. The man was a boor, a surly squireen of a type Johnson had believed long extinct. At their meeting he was more disdainful than Lord Claverling, and rude to the point of insolence. John swallowed his pride. He only wanted to sell and to get out of the country.

It was on the afternoon of the day when he had talked with Ballantyne that he was strolling down the lane leading from the village across the moors. Suddenly he heard the sound of a galloping horse. A moment later he saw Lady Elinor coming toward him on horseback. The animal was evidently running away, and the girl was in imminent danger of falling.

As he stood there he heard Ballantyne's dog-cart come up behind him swiftly. Ballantyne saw the approaching horse and leaped to the ground. He sprang in front of it, whirling his arms like darts, but made no effort to stop it.

It was Johnson who, at the last instant, clutched at the rein. He had a vision of the rearing steed, he felt himself being dragged along the ground, and then a weight seemed to descend upon his breast and he lost consciousness.

When he opened his eyes he was in the gatekeeper's lodge. The room was darkened. A woman sat beside him. Johnson looked into the face of Lady Elinor.

"How long have I been here?" he asked.

She restrained him with her cool hand on his forehead. "Three days," she whispered. "Mr. Johnson is here to save me that you risked your life when he—"

Johnson saw her eyes fill with tears as she turned away. He slept from weariness. It was not until the next day that old Lord Claverling came to thank him for saving his life.

"You have repaid us too well," he said. "I shall never forget what we owe you. And now, Mr. Johnson, we are going to make amends by—going away."

"Going away!" Johnson suddenly burst into wild laughter.

"Why?" he said. "I have arranged to sell the castle."

They stared at him in dismay. "Sir, you must stay," said Lord Claverling. "There will bring things in your favor. You are a young man and did not understand how long? Why he intended to do with them to his guests forever?"

"Quite impossible," broke in Lord Claverling harshly. "If I sold to Mr. Johnson we occupy the lodge."

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At last he sent for Mr. Jones and announced his decision to sell the place. The agent listened blandly.

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Nature's Gallery

The artist's wife went marketing for the first time.

"What have you in the way of vegetables?" she inquired.

"Beans, peas, squash, turnips."

The dealer rattled off a long list.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHAT KILLED VALEN- TINO?

THE illness and death of Rudolph Valentino probably aroused more general interest and newspaper comment than that of any other person in recent years. Probably the only events that can be compared to it in general interest are the deaths of our own Presidents—Lincoln, McKinley.

It is just twenty-five years ago since McKinley died in Buffalo. In many ways, there is a close parallel between the two cases from a surgical standpoint. McKinley was shot through the abdomen, the bullet hitting material Valentine probably had a perforating ulcer of the stomach, which caused a general peritonitis. Both were operated on, both stood the operation well and, for the first few days, showed marked improvement.

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WANT COLUMN

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25: One week, 25 cents and each additional week, 15 cents. Minimum charge, 25 cents.
Cash must accompany order.

1923 FORD COUPE FOR SALE—A good three, necessary extras. Cheap for cash. J. A. MERRILL, Haines, Me. 10-23-31

FOR SALE—Ladies' Coat at bargain prices. Samples used only for display. Highest quality. If interested, write stating size. J. A. MERRILL, Haines, Me. 10-23-31

FOUND—A Leather Coat. Owner has come by proving property and passing for the advertised. Inquire of F. E. WHEELER.

FOR SALE—Five piece upholstered dining room set, dining table & chairs, all finished deal. Inquire of Miss J. J. SPINNEY, Bethel, Me. Tel. 10-21-15

FOR SALE—Glossed No. 6 Bass Heater. Either coal or wood can be used. In perfect condition. Also a small heater. Address Mrs. A. V. YOUNG, 10 Main St., Bethel, Me. 9-23-31p

FOR SALE—Registered Mohair Jkt. girls 4 ft. 6 inches. Price \$75.00, or 10 weeks per Dr. dressed. E. E. BROWN, Bethel, Me. Tel. 10-21-15

FOR SALE—Four weeks old pigs. \$5.00. Inquire of L. L. Chapman, Bethel, Me. 10-21-31p

FOR SALE—Four weeks old pigs. \$5.00. Inquire of T. H. Stark, Bethel, Me. 10-21-31

PIANO TUNING—H. L. White will be in Bethel early in November. Leave orders with P. J. Tyler or write me at 7 Western View Rd., Auburn. 10-21-31p

Buy CONCORD WOOL WORSTED YARNS direct from manufacturer at big savings. Spun from long combed wool. Many beautiful shades and latest selections, for Hand Knitting, Machine and Rug Yarns. 50¢ per 4 oz. skein. \$2.00 per lb. Postage Paid. Write for free samples. Concord Worsted Mills, Concord, N. H. 9-21-1

DR. MASON H. ALLEN
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Will meet Patients at J. L. Carver's Residence, Broad Street, Bethel,
Wednesday from 9 to 12

H. L. Brax, For Boyer, Bethel, Me.
wants deer skins and raw furs. Highest cash price paid for same. 10-21-11

OFFICE HOURS:
Tuesdays and Fridays
10 to 10:30 A. M.; 2 to 4:30 P. M.
Hence Calls and Other
Business by Appointment

HOWARD E. TYLER, D. O.
Palmer School Graduate
Neurologist Services
Chiropractic for Health
Residence Mrs. M. A. Gedwin

THE
OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY D. M. FORBES
BETHEL, MAINE

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1926, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1926.

House for Sale

House of 4 rooms with stoops and 3 acres of land, buildings in good condition. Only 1½ miles from Bethel village on good road. Price only \$1200.00 taken at once. A rare bargain. For sale by

L. A. BROOKS
REAL ESTATE DEALER
15 MARKET ST.
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

To help a delicate
Sickly Child

Proper food, sunshine, fresh air
for delicate children becomes healthy
and strong with normal weight gain
and increased and developing powers of
resistance. Eat well and fresh air in the simple
but strong diet which we have to keep
the power intact fine and regular.

To prevent consumption like good
L. A. L. ATWOOD'S BITTERS
from the moment you take the aids are
available removed by thousands of
parents and medical authorities and still
able to make their children vigorous
and healthy. We offer the best and
cheapest. All doctors and it was our
money back guarantee.

Address L. A. L. Atwood Co., Portland, Me.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Aebelbach, Pastor
Thursday, Nov. 4, 7 o'clock: Meeting
of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. S.
T. Aebelbach. All are requested to
come prepared to sew.

Sunday, Nov. 7: 10:45: Service of worship. Sermon
on "Jesus Discloses."

12:00: Church school.

7:15-8:00: Christian Endeavor prayer
meeting. Leaders, Charles Austin
and Madeline Ulrich, president and
vice president of the Christian Endeavor
Society.

Tuesday, Nov. 9, 7 o'clock: Chorus rehearsal.

METHODIST CHURCH

"The Singing Church"

Rev. C. B. Oliver

The Gospel is the best news this old
world ever heard. Our task is to see to
it that we do not substitute something
elsewhere for the real.

Business meeting of the Evangelical
League Thursday evening at the church.

There are special future items of im-

portance. Be sure to come and vote.

All activities of our church coming
in the evenings of next week will be
postponed on account of the Five Night
Training School. We expect all interested
to better mind equipment to
spend the evenings at the Bethel school
house.

Hours of services on Sunday:
Church school at 9:45.

Worship at 10:45.

Evangel League at 6:30.

Worship at 7:30.

Tuesday: Mid week worship at 7:30.

(Not held next week.)

Information concerning the ad found
in this paper:

1. Who may take part: Anyone in
Oxford County.

2. How to prepare your answer and
where to send reply: The answer must
be typewritten or printed in ink. Address
Oxford County Citizen, C. B. Oliver.

3. Reward for your efforts: 1. a \$5
silver watch; 2. a Bible.

4. Best answers will be printed in
The Citizen during November. All an-

swers must be in on or before the 31st
of November. Best answers will

have State and International recogni-

tion.

LOCKE'S MILLS UNION CHURCH

Rev. Chester B. Oliver, Minister

Worship every Sunday afternoon at

2:30 o'clock. Special music next Sun-

day. Sunday school will probably be

go very soon.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. Elias Kastorhouse, Pastor

Morning service at 10:15. The min-

ister will preach. Subject of the sermon:

"What are the qualifications for a Re-

ligious Life?"

Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Evening service at 7:15. Mr. Brasier
will speak on "Religion and Science." This
meeting will be open for discussion.

A special music at this service by

Miss Gores and Miss Farwell. This
meeting is not limited to any particular
age. Everybody welcome.

The ladies' Circle will meet at the
church, Wednesday, Nov. 10.

Boy's Club meeting Friday night at
the church at 7 o'clock.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street

Services Sunday morning at 10:15.

Subject of the lesson: Adam and Eve.

Monday School at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday: Mental meeting at 7 P. M.

SOUTH BETHEL

Many instances of Asthma has in-

creased.

Miss Baby Hall is visiting her moth-

er, Mrs. Hall, and family also her

sister, Mrs. Hart, also her family.

Elmer Ulrich had the misfortune to

lose one of his best teeth very fast.

Elmer Ulrich is visiting his daugh-

ter, Mrs. Harry Hall, and family.

Elmer Ulrich bought a house in

Ulrich.

Frank Ulrich and wife, Alice, have

been married for Frank Ulrich.

Frank Ulrich and Alice Ulrich visited

Miss Ulrich's sister, Mrs. George Ulrich,

and family last week.

Miss Ulrich and Alice Ulrich visited

Miss Ulrich's mother, Mrs. George Ulrich,

and family last week.

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Miss Ulrich's mother, Mrs. George Ulrich,

and family last week.

Miss Ulrich and Alice Ulrich visited

Miss Ulrich's father, Mr. George Ulrich,

and family last week.

Miss Ulrich and Alice Ulrich visited

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